His Littlest Listener

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僕のヒーローアカデミア | Boku no Hero Academia | My Hero Academia

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Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead/Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Midoriya Izuku & Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead & Midoriya Izuku

Characters:
Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Midoriya Izuku

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Collections:
MHA Chaotic Energy 3000, Bnha Bookclub Discord Recs, Dad Vibes, late night reads, Izuku's Best (Unexpected) Parental Units, OneFunMha, Deku’s Dads, Shadow's Favorite Reads, dadmic and

izukid supremacy, Fluffy Aizawa and Izuku Family Times, jrmuffin's favorites, Dadzawa protects the Green Bean!, DadZawa Protecc fics, Kai's Eclectic Collection of Fics, ✧Chris's Best Izuku Fics✧, the bnha icebin, Izuku and his Collection of Dads, good shit, Too much cuteness, STO My Hero Academia - completed works, Izukuuu, BNHA TikTok Recs That Were Actually Good, Fluffy Dadzawa, comfort fics <3, mha fics that are my will to live, MHA FICS, Honestly every fanfic of Izuku I have ever read., izuku's the love of my life my baby my angel, Worth Reading Again, Alternative Universes of Fandoms I enjoy., ✧Insomnia Reads✧, Re-read a thousand times, seer's dadzawa and izuku fics ☆, Mushrooms fav bnha fics!, Fics I've read so you should too, Suggested Good Reads, AnoditeOmniaAbuzz, phoenix's my hero academia - best fics, MHA dadzawa or dadmic and their zero-regrets family , fluff fics, Finished Quality Reads AlbinoNial, Good Books To Read A Concerning Number of Times, Izu's other Dads (TiaLee), Bugz collects dadzawa fics because he has depression and this is coping. ^^, Dads For All, Sk1tats, MHA_Favourite_Fics, Deku centric, My Absolute Favorites, owo, Genius bnha fanfics, ·˚ ₊‧ *All the Dadzawa/Dadmic and Izuku Midoriya fanfics I love* ˚ ₊♡ ⋆｡˚, under penalty of death, adoption speedrun

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His Littlest Listener

by lilredpandacub

Summary

Present Mic Loves all his jobs. But he especially loves his Friday and Tuesday night Session on his Radio Show where his most favourite caller is sure to ring up late at night just to speak and pose ever more interesting questions.
Hizashi really just wants to give the sweet little baby a cuddle.

Notes

Okay so this is a little thing that my sleep depreived brain demanded cause our friend was sad and we wanted to Cheer them up! So, Vee, hope this is to your liking bubs! Remember we all love you!

I'd also like to thank @Pokemon4565 cause the littlest listener was from their idea/prompt that my brain ran with apparently! So thanks for that bubs ^.^

See the end of the work for more notes

Hizashi was exhausted, but allowed the smidge of pride he had for himself to bloom open like flower petals within his chest, warmth flowing through his veins like liquid joy and happiness shot straight into his system as he adjusted the small set up around him. This was one of his long life dreams. Sure, he had started this small radio segments when in high school, with the support and help of his friends. But here he was, a year after graduating and looking around his – *small, cosy* – studio space, a tiny space carved out just for him and his now-station. And didn't that thought blow his mind. He had started with a little hours worth of segments broadcast over the school station. Then that and an extra few things for another station that broadcast over japan. Then he got his own weekly timeslots cemented in. *Then,* then he was being broadcast over multiple stations. Then a few months ago, he had signed papers and agreements, finalising his very own station. Where he could do or *say* what he wanted instead of sticking to others preferred topics – they always wanted him narrating fights or heroes or other mundane things, getting him to avoid the things he wanted to speak about. The real issues that needed highlighting and this was his chance, he could *finally* help spread awareness to problems, offer help where he could and actually maybe do something about some of the injustices of the world.

An alarm on his phone began to jingle, gaining his attention. Glancing at the clock he grinned as he turned back to the equipment, switching everything on and adjusting volumes and such, eyes locked on his clock and at exactly *10pm*, he hit the *'on air'* button, watching as the little unblinking light above it lit up bright shiny red, waited half a second then hit the button to play his pre-recorded opening song – *No* Shouta, *it is not a jingle!* - and took in a deep, silent breath, everything within him amping up and heart racing as it always did. As contradictory as it was, this was soothing, calming for him. So once the song ended, Hizashi dove into his Present Mic persona, the big, loud boisterous personality that carried charm and witty jokes, that refused to be ignored. He had spent a long time cultivating this persona even before high school. Because if he was known for being loud and bold and proud, then he would be underestimated. And it worked. People saw his long, styled blond hair, his punk and rave mixed style of clothing he chose for his uniform – no one would be able to tell with just looking just how re-enforced it all was, how very little of it was *'just for the aesthetics'* as he had crowed loudly at interviews before – and heard what exactly his quirk was and they immediately had this image of who he was. As incomplete as that was in reality. They saw a loud and powerfully quirked blond hero, strong but not the smartest, charming and oblivious.

Hizashi graduated the top of his class. Shouta may have been taught under Nedzu, a force all in themselves, but they both knew Hizashi was sharper, more observant. Nedzu had offered both him and Shouta places at the same time, but Hizashi had declined. He already had enough on his plate in high school, and they both knew that Shouta would tell Hizashi any and everything that he was taught.

Tonight's segment was a two hour one, ending at midnight, the first hour spent with music requests, a segment where he talked about a topic of his choice – tonight's topic was an easier one. He didn't like delving into the heavier topics on these late segments when workers were surely tired and others were maybe listening just before bed. He had picked to speak about every day heroes. No, not Pro heroes like himself, Shouta or Nem. Just regular people who done things to better others lives or communities, from teachers and nurses and workers, to civilians just helping each other and showing kindness, helping the elderly or unable with things like shopping or travelling, teaching the next generation how to do, be better them them, building homes and shelters. The list was endless and he spent that time dedicating thanks and praise to those that probably very rarely receive the recognition they so *very much deserved.*

Hizashi will always remember this one night, probably for the rest of his life. There was nothing outstanding that happened, no breaking news to interrupt, no villain attacks, no family emergencies.

No, what stuck in his mind was the half-hour segment that he opened up to callers for questions or anything else really after the topic hour was over. It was mostly all the same things, questions about his quirk or his job as a pro, asking about his home life and if he was single or had a family, what hobbies did he have, how hard was it to get his hair to stay up in his signature style *etc etc.*

Of course there was always a few interesting outliers – a somewhat regular that had started phoning once a week to present him with a riddle or joke (Hizashi loved that so much, it was fun and different,) or there would sometimes be a philosophical question thrown at him that he would happily have tiny – *no longer than 5 minutes* – debates with. That night, his outlier phoned near the end of that slot, the clock reading 11:26pm so he would probably have to make this his last caller of the night. He cheered his greeting, waiting for a moment before his jaw unhinged and his eyes blew wide at the quiet, stuttering soft voice of what could only be a small child. Hizashi took

a second to be glad no one could see him before focusing.

He had a *child* on air at half 11 at night. Concerning but nothing too bad, maybe nightmares and a parent let them phone in before going back to bed, or maybe someone in a different time zone – it wouldn't be the first time that someone had phoned whilst on vacation or a work trip across the world.

"*H-hello? Um. S-ss-sorry, I-I just...*" They had quickly trailed off into silence and after Hizashi's small second of shock, he dove back into it. He especially loved speaking to kids, making them smile and seeing and hearing them happy and joyful filled his chest with a certain longing for family.

"Hey there little listener! It's okay, no apologies needed here ya' dig?"

"*O-oh, O-ok-ay. Um...*" The small voice seemed unsure, and well, he *couldn't have that* now, could he.

"So tell me little listener, how old are you?"

"*U-um, I'm uhh, four, Mr. Present M-Mic, Sir.*" And Hizashi was melting. *He was gone.* The little one was adorable and he couldn't handle that. He had only said his age but Hizashi was a sucker when it came to kids. *Shouta could suck it* cause he was just as soft under all his grumbling and denials.

"Ah! So just a little one then! Let's call you my *Littlest Listener,* yeah? Cause we all know not to give out important information to strangers, don't we?" He kept his voice light and firm as he gently put forward the boundary, just in case.

"*O-oh, O-of course Mr. Present Mic s-ss-sir. M-Mama t-taught mm-me that!*" He exclaims, starting out a little louder and quieting to a whisper as he talked, something forlorn entering his voice. And how Hizashi hates to hear such things in the tones of babies.

"Well your mama is super smart then! Is she there with you Littlest Listener?" And there's a few moments of almost-silence, the only indication the baby was still there was the slight muffled shuffling and rustling of fabric over the slightly static line.

"*Mama went to sleep.*" Is eventually whispered and a lump lodges fiercely into his throat. It could be as they said, the mother just went to bed.

Hizashi's instincts are screaming otherwise.

“Ah so you're up late by yourself then?” He tries to tease, forcing the happy cheer to stay in his voice.

“*Um, yeah. Tem- I, I mean, um. My a-adult i-is down st-stairs w-watching TV. I, erm, s-ss-sorry, I should be sleepin' M-Mr. Pres-Present Mic sir.”*

“No apologies, remember Littlest Listener.” Hizashi allows his eyes to glance over at where his single assistant is sitting behind a wall and some sound proof glass, looking just as lost as he felt at that moment.

“Did you have a question for me then? So that you can get off and tucked back into bed all nice and cosy?” Hizashi offers. He doesn't want to seem like he's rushing the babe off or that he isn't wanted here. Hizashi just knows that babies should be happily dreaming away, snuggled up and warm.

“*O-oh, yeah. Um...”* Hizashi waits patiently, not even caring that he's ticking past the end of the callers times.

“*I-I just w-wanted to ask s-something and t-tell you some-something. Um”*

“Take your time Littlest Listener, it's alright!” And he can't stop the soft smile he feels on his face. This little one sounded sweeter than cotton candy, all soft and fluffy as he spoke quietly over the line.

“*O-okay, so, um. E-everyone k-knows how you-your quirk makes your v-voice loud and stuff and s-sound waves...”* And *oh,* Hizashi is sitting up straight now, The little one is smart as well as sweet, a deadly combo in his humble opinion.

“*B-but c-can you pitch your vocal chords to use Infrasonic waves? I-it's just...J-just if you c-could, t-that's amazing a-and you c-could learn to c-communicate w-with other animal q-quirked h-hero's that c-can perc-c-percive the l-lower waves t-that we cant! A-and, studies s-showed that l-lower waves, be-below 12 hertz c-can c-cause awe and f-fear so y-you could use it a-as an in-intim- um, intimidation t-tactic a-and, and...”*
“Whoa there Littlest Listener!” Hizashi finally managed to kick his brain into gear as the voice on the line stuttered excitedly, all of a sudden silencing at his voice.

“*Ah, um, s-sor-”*
“Ah! Ah! No sorry's here! It's alright Littlest Listener! Your super smart yourself! To answer your question, what of it I can anyway, is that the last time I tested my limits before leaving high school I could go as

low as *0.5 Hertz!"* He smiled as he hears the small happy gasp that slips through his ears, the hushed *'Wow! Amazing!'* also doings its job in turning Hizashi into a useless puddle of goo over a small child.

"*T-thank you Mr. Present M-Mic, sir. Um. I also w-wanted to, to tell you, um."*

A pause, the sound of a deep breath.

"*I-I think your a-amazing and y-you're one of m-my f-favorite h-heroes.! S-so, thank you!"* And it's rushed and a little jumbled and stumbling but Hizashi hears loud and clear and he's gone. He's been killed by an adorable little toddler speaking to him on his show. He wants his glasses to go to Nem, his Speakers go to Tensei and Shouta can get his Jacket.

"Awe, aren't you just so adorable Littlest Listener! I hope I can live up to that for you! I will always try my best. And you, my Littlest Listener! You are super smart and sweet enough to give me tooth rot so it's time for bed now, kays?" He can't help but to be soft and gentle over the call, his heart gone for the child. He would give them a squeezy hug good night if he could.

"*Y-yes, Th-thankyou, sir."*

"Just Mic is alright Littlest Listener, hope you have a rocking dream! Good night!" And with that, the child clicks off his end of the call and Hizashi has to take a moment, hand clutching at his chest.

"Ugh! Just how cute was my Little Listener! I loved him! Now, I know we're running a little behind, but we don't care, do we! Lets move on to our last stretch..." And his night continues, playing lighter music to help unwind the night, ready for rest and sleep. All the while the soft stuttering voice of the child sticking to the back of his mind. He goes home, endures the soft teasing of his boyfriend about his little caller and teases him in return for so obviously having listened in and he goes to bed. It had been good day with a sweet little ending.

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Except it's not the last time the Littlest Listener phones in. To begin with it's not a regular thing. Just random nights, usually weeks

between the calls. And he stays as sweet sounding as the first time, all quiet and stuttering and unsure but curious, clearly, as he always phones with a question, usually about a hero, not always something Hizashi can answer but they always make him pause to think. His Littlest Listener is exceptionally smart. And he always finishes his calls with little rushed praises of Hizashi being amazing and one of his favourites before rushing off to bed when Hizashi bids him a soft good night. Those nights he always goes home feeling lighter somehow, soft and pliable and just wanting to cuddle his boyfriend close and bask in the feelings of close and warmth and family.

One time he asks the Littlest Listener who his other favourite heroes are, out of curiosity.

"*Oh um...."* There was a pause as Hizashi allowed him to think it over.

"*Well, you, Mr. Mic, sir. Then I like, um, FatGum, even if he's just a sidekick at the moment, I, I think he w-will be a big h-hero soon."*

"Awe, isn't that sweet of you! I'm sure he loves the faith you have in him!" Mic coos

"*Um, t-there's one other um, hero, but um..."*

"Oh? It's okay Littlest Listener!"

"*Well, He um, He's underground, so um, not many people have um, heard of h-him..."* He trails off and Hizashi can't stop the wide smirk spreading across his face as his snatches up his phone to text his boyfriend. He knows he always listens despite how he denies it every time.

"Well, I happen to know one or two underground heroes myself! So which hero of the night has your attention?"

"*E-Eraser-Eraserhead"* Is all but whispered over, like he was sharing a little secret and Hizashi has once more been slain by the adorable wain that phones him with smart questions and sweet words. It happens every time and he doesn't mind. He *so* wishes he could see Shouta's face right now though, no doubt red and flustered and so very handsome in his embarrassment of being recognised. He was like a grumpy old cat.

"Ah! He happens to be one of the ones I know Littlest Listener!" He cheers happily, heart full as he hears the sweet gasp of delight.

“*Really? W-wow! You r-really are s-super a-awesome!”* He can't handle it. Luckily, or unlucky for him, it's time to bid his Littlest Listener good night and sweet dreams and sending him off to bed. Hizashi can only hope the little one actually does. He seems like an honest, pure little soul so Hizashi doesn't worry over that for more than a second.

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Eventually, a pattern appears to the calls. They change from erratic nights here and there to certain days. Either Friday nights or Tuesday nights, though there was still random amounts of time between them all.

Then it changes to every second week, once a week on either Friday or Tuesday.

Then to every Friday and Tuesday every second week.

Then an extra call on the Fridays in between.

Now Hizashi is receiving his Little Listeners calls every Friday and Tuesday night, at roughly twenty past 11. It had slowly built up to that over four years, so it wasn't like it was a quick thing, more gradual. If his math was right, his Littlest Listener – *No Shouta, I will not change his name, I don't care that he is no longer the youngest caller I get now* – would be roughly 8 years old now, no less smart and just as sweet and adorable as ever. He was still soft spoken with a stutter – it had cleared up greatly compared to when he first phoned but he still retained a stutter to his speaking, sometimes stumbling over thoughts and words – and he was still very polite and inquisitive, his questions on quirks and heroes only improving as he grew older and learned more and Hizashi was more than impressed with the boy's intellect.

By now Hizashi's station had grew, he had a whole *hive* to work his station for him if he so wished, but he refused to give up his Tuesday and Friday night slots. He also had more of a social media presence now, people sending questions and requests through his site or live hero-gram feeds he sometimes done. And his viewers loved when the Littlest Listener phoned in with interesting thoughts and his sugary-voice charming and innocent as he always thanked and praised him or what ever other hero.

They had listened to the excited chatter as Hizashi set him off on a ramble about quirks or heroes when they had extra time – Hizashi loved to set him off on passionate although still quiet spiels and info dumps.

Hizashi had also learnt a few things about his Littlest Listener. When he had originally told him that his mama was asleep, it was as his instincts had been screaming at him, she had passed somehow. Hizashi didn't know much beyond that, assumed that the little one was staying with family maybe. He *hoped* he was anyway, memories of foster homes and orphanages making his skin crawl and break out in a cold sweat.

He learned that the Littlest Listener didn't really have many friends. He sometimes referred to one, but always sounding sad when he did. His favourite food was Katsudon or Taro buns. He learned that he was short somehow – The listener had told them he was too small to reach the top shelves when the other kids in his class could and he often had to climb up – and he had learned that he really didn't like either Endevour or All Might. That one had given him pause for a moment before he continued. There wasn't many people who disliked the number one hero without reason – Endevour was a given, the man was horribly ill mannered and worse-tempered at the best of times without a care for property damage, civilian or criminal injuries or even fatalities – and he so badly wanted to ask, but knew he shouldn't. It may be very personal or would give out too much information over a very public platform. So Hizashi had steered the conversation away from that easily, going on to ask about his thoughts on FatGum, one of his admitted favourites, doing well with his agency newly built and running.

He learned the Littlest Listener loved music, loved to sing – and what a joy it was to hear him nervously sing a single verse to a song, short, quiet but *oh so sweet* and full of talent.

He loved to draw, telling about he loved to draw the heroes he saw every day and making notes about their quirks – Hizashi had jokingly suggested coding the notes, except he hoped the listener did so, he was stupidly smart and carrying notes like that could be disastrous. His Littlest Listener was a wonderfully bright and pure soul, and Hizashi was rightfully fond and protective over his favourite caller – *No,* Shouta, *I know I'm not supposed to have favourites, shut up, you have favourite students too leave him alone!* - whenever there was the odd comment or question against him on his media pages.

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Another 5 years passed within a blink of an eye. Hizashi was now married – *Kami* he was married to the love of his life – and he worked no less than three busy, successful jobs. He was Pro Hero Present Mic, He was also Present Mic, Radio show host and DJ, Owner of one of the largest radio stations in Japan – *Hold Your Hands Up Radio* – which was like a life long dream throwing streamers around him and shouting congratulations.

And now, more recently, he was a teacher, a Sensei at his old high school, UA. He spent a few years back taking classes and tests to make sure he knew what it took to teach the next generation, him, Shouta and Nem all went together, getting their licences and taking up positions. They were each given a home room – Hizashi was given one of the General Education classes where as Nem took a Business course home room and Shouta got given the honour of taking 1A home rooms – the hero course students. He felt slightly sorry for those students, they had no idea what they were in for – Hizashi totally supported his husbands methods, and the only reason he didn't have a reputation for expelling kids like him was cause there was no need for that in general education, where he wasn't training young kids to fight and put their *lives* on the line.

He also took up the languages teaching position, going around to try and drill English, sign and any other number of languages he could get into their heads as he could, as well as assisting and helping with hero course classes when called upon as they all were at some point. Hizashi found his speciality was helping kids with over powered quirks and little control. After his first year of teaching, Hizashi and Aizawa got their counselling certificates. They weren't licenced therapists but they wanted to be able to help the kids in ways they wished they had been helped when in high school.

And through all that, Hizashi looked forward to his Tuesday and Friday night conversations with his Littlest Listener – he had asked him a while back if he minded the name since he would be a young teen, the stuttering *'it's okay'* bringing a smile to his face. Around the time he had turned ten was when he some times didn't phone in, always apologizing profusely when he next phoned in. Hizashi didn't mind at all, after all this was a kid and he probably had real life things

to get to.

His littlest listener had grown to be exceptionally intelligent as well, that original spark of curiosity only growing into a thirst for knowledge. He was fluent in English, Hizashi found out a few years ago, when he had posed an English riddle to his listeners and the first thing he had done upon phoning the station was to solve the riddle in fluent English. He had also told Hizashi that he knew some sign, but was still self teaching and Hizashi, well he couldn't help the overwhelming pride he felt for his Littlest Listener.

When Hizashi had asked what his Littlest Listener wanted to work towards in his future – *hey, he was curious,* the kid was maybe due to start high school within the next year or two – and there had been a long pause, Hizashi almost thinking he had hung up before there was an almost inaudible shuddering breath, the smallest of sniffles, it wouldn't have been caught by the mics recording everything but Hizashi heard it loud and clear through his headphones. *Oh no.* This was clearly a bad topic, though, he couldn't think of why it would be.

"*I, um. I-I want t-to be a H-Hero."* Was quietly admitted, hushed and almost ashamed sounding, like saying it was forbidden, if he said the words then he would surely be condemned. Which was ridiculous, most kids dreamed of becoming a hero, just, most didn't have what it took, what Shouta called *'potential.'* His Littlest Listener though, well, Hizashi might have never actually met him or seen if he actually had any skill or talent in fighting, however, he had a knack for analysis, was supremely intelligent – Shouta had been *mostly* serious as he told him to make sure Nedzu didn't track him down first for his own world domination plans – and seemed excellent at information gathering, things that were often forgotten about and tossed aside in the face of flashy quirks, TVs and cameras and the hero rankings.

"Ah, so you'll be applying to a lot of Hero course schools I guess! UA on that list? You can always come say hey to me Littlest Listener!" Hizashi wasn't ashamed to admit that he really hoped he could meet his Littlest Listener. The boy had made such a big place at home in his life that Hizashi barely remembers not having the sweet soothing voice timidly asking more and more interesting questions or eager and shy praises directed at him and Shouta and every other hero he can think of at that moment. So yeh, sue him. He wanted to give him a hug and maybe talk to him a little more, more in depth about his theories and quirks.

Unfortunately because of his job as announcing and time keeping, he

would have to settle for watching the video footage at the entrance exams. He wasn't sure when his Littlest Listener would be taking the exam, but he watched eagerly with sharp eyes. He had no idea what he was looking for. When he pictured his Littlest Listener he pictured a small kid, maybe pale and skinny like himself. It didn't help but he had fun watching all the hero hopefuls and trying to guess which one might be his Littlest Listener.

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Months passed and all too soon he was looking out into a new year with determined looking students, some of which had fires blazing in their eyes and aiming to claw their way into heroics much like his husband had. He had his eye on a particularly tall purple headed boy that actually reminded Hizashi of Shouta when he was a teen in UA, eye-bags, spite and determination and all. He had started the year as he always did, with introductions and ice breakers, though if he was particularly interested in listening to how each student sounded and spoke, well, they didn't really know that, it was fine. It was a long shot, but none of the kids sounded like his Little Listener. Hizashi knew that didn't mean the boy wasn't hiding out in a different class, but it could also mean he was at a different school or just not at high school this year since he only knew the boys rough age. He could be held back a year. Or he could have jumped a year with his intelligence in all honestly. So that evening he lamented to Shouta how he wished he could speak to his littlest listener and listened to his husband as he grumbled about the blatant quirkism and discrimination in today's society, shown clearly in how his students reacted to UA's very first Quirkless Heroics Student. Shouta had snatched that teen up in seconds after watching him in his exams, and he was determined to see the boy through. Hizashi thought that the young green headed boy he had watched tearing robots open was brave and determined enough to be the change that society needed. But as with life, he never got a chance to really see or speak to the heroics class much. Sure, he taught their language classes, but Midoriya – the quirkless students name he had learned – didn't take his class, being excused to take lessons with *Nedzu.* The thought made him shiver. He wasn't surprised that the principle had taken a keen interest, but he wished he got to teach him too, according to Shouta, the boy was fluent in English, Italian and several various forms of sign.

He had seen the small green fluffy hair racing through corridors and in the cafeteria, had watched the footage of the USJ where he had jumped into action and saved lives and stalled for time, had saved Shouta's life, and had seen him all but fleeing any time he saw Yagi, in both his muscled form and his deflated skeletal form – which, *odd* and definitely something he wanted to get to the bottom of.

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Hizashi was walking down the corridor after another long day of teaching. He had his show in a few hours but he was contemplating whether he should have another coffee or just straight up steal his husbands sleeping bag, *consequences be damned* and going for a short nap. But then something caught his ear, stalling him mid-step as his head swivelled round. He could hear, *singing?* Maybe? He slowly turned up his aids as he concentrated, and quickly followed the sound, the voice low and familiar and full of emotion. He could feel his heart racing in his chest as his brain scrambled to catch up to him. *He could be wrong.* But he was almost certain. He had heard that voice too often over the years, and had heard that wonderfully talented singing before, it was too familiar to just be coincidence.

He stopped outside a door – it was just a spare class room, nothing to tell him who was inside – and listened as the song finally came to a stop. He took a breath and knocked before sliding open the door. Whoever was in there startled and fell over a desk, hiding the body from view as a stuttered apology rang out – *Kami, it was him,* Hizashi had listened to that stuttered apology too many times, reassured it so many nights that there was no need for it.

“It's alright! I just heard some banging tunes going down in here and it caught my ear! You good?” At that, a head of the softest, curly forest green hair peeked up over the desk as the boy sat up, deep green jewels glinting at him in awe from under dark foliage.

“*P-present Mic!”* He recognised him now that he could see him, this was Shouta's Quirkless student, one that he had expressed worry and concern for over the weeks, had ranted and raved about, how he was self-sacrificial, didn't have a shred of self-worth and didn't understand the fact that he mattered too. How he had *stressed* to him over and over to come to him with issues, over anything, even things out of

school – he had almost cried to Hizashi about Midoriya showing to classes with new bruises and injuries every Monday – and Shouta was currently starting investigations over this student.

And he was Hizashi's Littlest Listener.

“*A-ah*, I-I'm sorry, I, *um,* I p-probably shouldn't be here, I'll, um, I'll just...”

“No! Wait!” He took a half a step closer, hand half raised, watching as the boy stepped back away with wide blown eyes. *Of course.* His eyes sharpened, glancing over the poorly covered bruising over what visible skin he could see, the way he was favouring his left side and the anxious way his eyes kept darting around.

“It's alright, I just wanted to talk” Hizashi finally offered, his voice quietening and softening, like it often did when he spoke with his Littlest Listener. Midoriya's eyes snapped back to his for a moment before dropping to his bright red trainers.

“Umm, W-what about?” He began to twist scarred hands and fingers together, tangling them in the bottom of his blazer, and Hizashi felt his heart cracking, splintering painfully for him. Just what had the world done to his sweet caller. Taking a moment to contemplate what he should do, he went with his instincts, they usually served him well.

“Well, it's just you sounded an *awful lot* like one of my favourite callers I talk to weekly on my show and I just had to come check it out.” He grinned as the boys head shot up with wide eyes. Though it fell a little as those eyes looked a little too panicked for his liking.

“I-I'm sorry!” He squeaked out, and before Hizashi could reply, the boy was waving arms about franticly.

“P-please, d-don't tell anyone i-it's me! *T-They wont l-like it!”* He pleaded helplessly, eyes darting about again.

Oh hell no.

“Who wont like it Littlest Listener?” Midoriya stilled at the name, like it was finally sinking in that Hizashi had found him, wide eyes glassy and face twisting with conflicting emotions.

“M-my foster, *um,* foster guardians.” He whispers, eyes glancing about like he's making sure they really are alone.

“*Um, Every one?”* He adds on after a moment.

“That so? How about we go chill for a little bit, have a chat?” He steps to the side, showing Midoriya a clear path to the door. He seems to glance between them as he thinks before very slowly nodding, picking up the ratty looking bag that was at his feet and slowly making his way through the door, Hizashi walking out behind him, discreetly sending his husband a text. They walk wordlessly to the teachers lounge where upon entering, Midoriya stills. It's empty save for Yagi, who was writing at his desk, pausing to glance up at them.

“Ah, Yamada-kun, good evening! Young Midoriya. Good timing. I wish to have a word with you, please?” He speaks with a strained smile as he stands, Midoriya stepping back right into Hizashi. Pressed against him now, he can feel the slight tremors running through him and realises, *Midoriya is scared.*

“Ah, Actually, we are already busy, if you wouldn't mind, Al- ah, Yagi-san.” He stumbles over the words, watching as the older hero frowns at him for a moment.

“It would only be a moment.”

Before he can reply, his husband is throwing open the door, startling both Yagi and Midoriya, who visibly relaxes more when Shouta comes into his view.

“Which meeting room we using?” He simply asks Hizashi, not even sparing a spluttering Yagi a glance before moving towards one of the three sound proof meeting rooms.

“*Ah, but wait -”*

“Yagi-san, whatever you need, it can wait otherwise you would have called an emergency meeting. Now, if you'll please excuse us.”

And with that, Shouta turns his back and slouches through the door. Hizashi smiles down at a very confused looking Midoriya and encourages him to follow.

Once inside and settled on chairs, Midoriya glancing between the two suspiciously, Shouta sighs and slumps further in his chair, eliciting a chuff from Hizashi. Then he shakes his head before turning to Midoriya, smile softening.

“Is it okay to tell Aizawa? I promise he's good at keeping secrets.” He

adds in a conspiratorial wink, and is gifted with the twitching of lips wanting to lift into a smile.

“C-cause of h-his underground s-status?” And *oh yeh,* Hizashi almost forgot that Shouta was admittedly one of his Littlest Listeners favourite Heroes. He has to smother the smirk he wants to give his husband. *He has no idea.* Instead he nods. Shouta just sends him a side long look.

“O-okay. I um, I t-trust you.” And *oh how isn't that precious and heavy all at once.* Hizashi knows the statistics, has seen how society can be. To be given this trust is a big thing, he can feel it being placed oh so gently and hesitantly upon him.

“Well. Sho, as it turns out...” He turns to grin at his husband wickedly for this.

“I've found my Littlest Listener!” He sends a wink over at Midoriya who flushes so sweetly like a berry and Hizashi just wants to coo over how cute the kid is. Shouta takes approximately two seconds before he groans, and lets his head thump against the table, a mumbled *'of course its my problem child'* barely audible over Hizashi's snickers and the tiniest of airy giggles from Midoriya, the sound like soft wind chimes.

After a moment he sits back up with a huff.

“Okay. We can work with this.” Because they both know now that Midoriya trusts them, even if its just a little. So they gently explain to him how they are opening investigations into his home life based on evidence Shouta had been collecting since the term started a few weeks ago. They watch as Midoriya pales, his galaxy of sun-kisses standing out dark in contrast as he visibly shakes and holds a hand to his mouth – Shouta quickly gets a bin to him before he pukes out a mouthful of bile – and they comfort him, reassure him. They ask him if he could tell them everything, that it would help greatly, it would let them help him, and any other kid in that awful sounding home – cause now Hizashi knows that his Littlest Listener is in foster care – *and he breaks.* He breaks so much before their eyes, crumpling and gasping for breathes and it's hard to watch and listen to, even as Midoriya clings desperately onto Hizashi as he pulls him in for a hug, running hands firmly up and down his back, palms soothing over protruding spine and bones and Hizashi wants to scream and cry himself as he listens to whimpers of things done to him, cries of how he had been treated and abused and neglected, until all that's left is

quiet, breathing calming from ragged heaving until its deep and even and Midoriya is still in his arms, asleep and *exhausted.*

Hizashi doesn't want to move, so he looks over at Shouta who is glaring at a wall, jaw locked shut and grinding, fists bone-white and Hizashi wonders briefly how he hasn't broken something yet.

"*He can't go back."* He whispers quietly and Shouta nods.

"*No.* He isn't" He looks over at them then, eyes softening as he lets himself look over Hizashi holding the small teen to himself protectively.

"I'm going to call off tonight." Shouta nods before smirking.

"Not like you'll be missing your weekly call if you don't go in." He teases as his eyes drop to Midoriya again. Hizashi nods absently, also looking down at him, his heart hurting and aching in his chest.

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It doesn't take long after that. After Midoriya had woken up, they gave him a choice, if he wanted to stay with them, or if he wanted them to find someone else he could stay with – they would vet whoever was picked out, make *damn sure* that the teen would be safe and cared for no matter what he chose. Lucky for them, he chose to go with them.

It takes a week once Shouta presents everything to Nedzu for his old school to be shut down, reputation beyond repair. Teachers and workers alike having their licences removed, fines and some even getting jail time. It took a shorter time for the foster home to be dealt with, Shouta taking one visit that very night whilst Hizashi settled Midoriya into the spare room to gather his problem childs things and inform the carers of what was happening. That visit ended in arrests and social workers swarming the place after the male carer of the house tried outright attacking Shouta, shouting about taking his money maker away from him. (They found all the evidence of the man using Midoriya like a *fighting dog,* making money off him by putting him into illegal fighting rings and leaving him to defend himself while he profited off his winnings. They found the small cupboard that the boy called his *room.* They found too much and it broke Shouta's heart to see everything his student had had to live with

for so long.)

It took a lot longer for Midoriya to relax around them, later admitting it felt like a fever dream and he was scared they were preparing to get rid of him any minute.

But now, now, as Hizashi got his equipment ready for tonight's show, he grinned down at the braided bracelet Izuku had gifted both him and Shouta just the day before – *Fathers Day* – and all three of them had matching ones.

His was a deep green and red, colours twisting beautifully. Shouta's was that same deep green twisting with a lighter, lime green, much like his own eyes. And Izuku's was Lime Green and Red. Hizashi was unashamed to admit that he had *bawled* like a baby.

As his show moved on through the night, at 11:15, he answered a call, and grinned silly at his Littlest Listeners voice greeting him through the line.

“Well hey there Littlest Listener! How's it going?”

“*Great! Except my new kitten wont get out of my hair, I think she likes in in there.”* And that made Hizashi pause. They did have a new kitten. He could hear his husbands snickering in the background of the call. *Oh. He sees how it is.*

“Oh? Is that so? What's the kittens name?” He played along.

“*Well, my dad wanted to call her Banana cause when we found her she had a banana peel on her head.”* And *yep,* that sounded on par for the course. Shouta would do that, they already had an older cat named Tequila since when he found her, she had been injured, a sliced leg from a broken bottle of tequila.

“That's a rather silly name, ain't it? What do you wanna call her?”

“*Hmm. I'm not sure. I was thinking* Littlest Mewster!*”* He cheered over the line, and Hizashi suddenly had to remember how to breath and speak without sobbing. His son was precious and wonderful and so sweet and kind and *everything* this world needed. He needs to try clearing his throat though he suspects it doesn't work, his voice a little wobbly and wet.

“That's the best name I've ever heard Littlest Listener! You can match perfectly!” And he's rewarded with the best sound of peeling giggles

and happy cheering.

Then their moving onto Izuku's question – tonight he was theorising on Sir Nighteyes quirk – and happily bidding him good night, with a quiet *'I love you'* spoken in Italian before he hung up.

Yeh, Hizashi loves his family so so much. And when he gets home, he hugs them all tightly – Littlest Mewster included as she's perched amongst forest curls – and basks in the love and care he can give them, nothing making him happier.

End Notes

Okay this was a little longer than intended and tbh, wasn't really sure where i was going with it, but hey, i like it, hope you guys do too! Thanks for reading!
https://discord.gg/b9GgJqDHgQ

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